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MACLEAN'S

"Canada's National Magazine"

The Pawns Count

A Story of Secret Service
and the War

By

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Starts in this issue

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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

THIS past month has seen many new developments in the economic conditions that has been felt in the conditions of business conditions. This is due to the rather sudden slackening of the mounting industry and the more or less local announcement of further price reductions to be placed in Canada.

There has been nothing official on the part of the government authorities that has been felt in the financial market. That the decision to stop the making of steel in Canada was made by the Canadian government is a story published in the *Financial Post* to this effect. "Within the past few weeks a cable was received at Ottawa from Winston Churchill's office that all steel orders be stopped. It was a short order and obviously came from Churchill." By Joseph Flavelle in reply, pointing out that such action might create an unnecessary crisis. "The cables were sent out from Churchill creating an extension of three months. The extension, as The Post understands it, was not on all orders for three months. That period was fixed for the gradual tapering off of steel orders."

GREAT BRITAIN has the objectives in view in this matter. The first is to keep the balance of trade with Canada and also the United States free from loss and tax avoidance. The second is to become self-sufficient in every respect, and particularly in the matter of steelmaking. As far as U.S.-based companies there would be a number of start-up and defeat unless Britain can become self-sufficient. It is said that the漫漫 industry has been convinced to stay away from Canada and to go to the United States or Britain to provide for every need and emergency. In any case there is an accumulation of surplus in Canada which will take some months to clear up. All of these companies, however, do not plan further plant outside Canada except in certain areas, where an indefinite truce is being sought.

AND so Canada must face the problems of adapting her industrial fabric to suit the conditions created by this unexpected ending of wartime activity. There have been approximately 200,000 people engaged in munition work or in auxiliary industries during the course of the war. The majority will be absorbed back into normal peacetime occupations. Those workers who have worked at shell-making, for instance, will be compelled to drop out. They have done their duty, but will perhaps be only too glad to desert the ranks of labor for more interesting and congenial tasks. On a conservative estimate, therefore, there will be 100,000 workers to be placed within the next few months.

THE situation is not necessarily one to create apprehension, but it is unquestionably serious. Industry in Canada has been badly hampered for lack of help, and the current have had nearly the same effect on the economy as the general and progressive industry of steelmaking will bring about. There will be plenty of room to fill the vacancies in the industrial ranks. It looks also as though there will be quite a number of men left over after the end of industry have been met. This will create the means of solving the problem of farm help and increased farm production if these are present in sufficient numbers. If the circumstances follow the time-honored practice of looking on, however, it may be that in the near future we shall see evidence of unemployment in the cities, and out-of-work men. It is the opinion of the Canadian experts to bring supply and demand together; that the labor situation arising out of the cutting off of war work can be solved. And quick action is necessary.

On the whole there is no apprehension on the part of the men who are watching the situation closely, the heads of banks and big industrial corporations. The situation in Great Britain and France, however, can be observed, provided that the presence of disease is not made too sharp. The very important fact is taken into consideration, however, that the working day of six hours is not the working day of six-and-a-half hours or over. Men who have been making anywhere from \$20 to \$30 a week on peace work must settle back into six hours' work again. This will be a difficult task for manufacturers to pay the wages that the munition worker has commanded. It simply means that a large proportion of our population must face the problem of unemployment again. This is a second contingency factor which must affect the basis of the first, which concerns the finding of work for all.

Putting this matter of peace wages into figure is indicative of rather startling figures. It is estimated that 1,000,000 workers will be earning an average of \$10 less per week when the period of readjustment has been completed. This means a loss of earning power of one million dollars weekly.

The situation is not as serious as that figure would indicate, however.

There has been a great deal of extravagance in the country as a result of the high wages that have been paid. Standard of living has been raised.

Standard of living has been raised.

class of leisure on the scale that has prevailed to date.

On the whole this will not be a bad thing. It was an unquestionable condition that during a time of war people generally should plough into such unreturned profits as they had for the sake of the public welfare. There will be a greater return to business generally as a result of this readjustment, but it will be a slower and easier condition. The change had to come. It will bring a blessing that is coming now and probably rather than later and suddenly.

Manufacturers have the main problem to face and an emergency as this kind of situation is. The first is to make sure that had a decline ended that might come very suddenly, they had plans to cover themselves. Some will turn to the manufacture of new lines and have already arranged for the necessary equipment.

It is not possible to ignore the permanent effects of the peace terms of the Treaty of Versailles, and also with an encroachment from Washington. An early peace would benefit Canada to a period of sharp读justment. Unshakable thought it would be that the United States would not be able to hold its own. If the circumstances follow the time-honored practice of looking on, however, it may be that in the near future we shall see evidence of unemployment in the cities, and out-of-work men. It is the opinion of the Canadian experts to bring supply and demand together; that the labor situation arising out of the cutting off of war work can be solved. And quick action is necessary.

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Agency Division

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MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

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The Pawns Count

A Story of the Great War

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "My Guy of Monte Carlo," "The Double Traitor," etc.

Illustrated by C. L. Wrenn

FOREWORD

"I am for England and England only," John Lubbock, the Englishman, asserted.

"I am for Japan and Japan only," Miss Van Terven, the Japanese, insisted.

"I am for Germany first and America afterwards," Otto Fischer, the German-American, pronounced.

"I am for America first, America only, America always," Pauline Fox Trapp, the American girl, declared.

They were all right except the German Americans.

CHAPTER I

Sobieski-York, Trans-York. Los Angeles Examiner, San Francisco.

THEIR usual little crowd was waiting in the lobby of a fashionable London restaurant a few minutes before the arrival of the popular American girl, Pamela Van Terven. A very beautiful American girl, Pamela had been the center of much attention ever since she had come to England. She seemed somehow to justify, diverted the suspicion of her competitors to the notice affixed to the wall facing them.

"Stingo," she declared, "you poor dogs have been here all day. This is the first time I have been in England which makes me realize that you are at war."

The younger of her escorts, Capt. Robert Holderness, who was the captain of a well-known army regiment, glanced at his watch and replied:

"What is it now?" he exclaimed. "We get fed up with that sort of thing in France. It's always the same at every little railway station and every little inn—'Méfiez-vous! Méfiez-vous!' They must be crazy."

John Lubbock, a tall, clean-shaven man, dressed in civilian clothes, raised his eyebrows and read out the notice languidly.

"Well, I don't know," he observed. "None of Service girls, not the English ones, seem to have a good time when you come back. I don't suppose you say if you know anything, as it doesn't really matter," he added, glancing at his watch.

"The habits are all right," Pamela re-

plied. "It's your heads that are young." "The most valued product of your country," Lubbock remarked, "is your dangerous young men than our heads."

"SHE made a little grimace and turned away, holding out her hand to a small, tall, thin, well-shouldered man, with a strong, cold face and hair grey even, expressive eyes behind his gold-rimmed spectacles. There was a queer shadow in his eyes as he met Pamela. He seemed suddenly to become more human. His pleasure at seeing her was certainly more than the usual consciousness palliatives.

"We Fischer," she explained, "are staying here during our stay. Please protect me."

He bowed over her fingers. Then he looked at his watch again.

"If I thought that you needed protection, Miss Van Terven," he said.

"Well, I can assure you that I do," she retorted, laughing. "We know my mother can't keep them honest."

"Same to us you need them all," Miss Pamela Van Terven remarked with a smile. "Of course we do. We Americans are the best. We have heard that any of the Britishers should pay a visit abroad to find Jolly good stuff in them, too, or the Germans found out last month."

"All the same," Lubbock continued, "I'm afraid the English. They may not ever forgive the war."

"If you stop by the American here, for instance, you find that Charles is one of the best-informed men about the war."

"Charles? Who's that?" asked Arden in the Navy, and the Flying Corps, and it's astonishing how commanding they seem to become after the second or third cocktail."

"Cocktail, mark you, Miss Van Terven," Lubbock pointed out. "We poor Englishmen could keep our tongue from wagging before we acquired some of your American habits."

"The habits are all right," Pamela re-

plied. "A well-known stockbroker and his wife—Lubbock looked after her."

"Is Mr. Fischer one of your typical millionaires, Miss Van Terven?" he asked.

"She shrugged her shoulders.

"We have no typical millionaires," he



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If you care for the looks of your skin, if you really want a clear, fresh complexion, don't go to bed at night with powder taken and the skin and make-up still adhering to the delicate pores. Use this powder. Wondrously it removes regularly each night, and see what a wonderful difference it will make to your skin.

Dig a cloth in warm water and lay it on the face until the skin is dry. Now take a cloth of Wondery. Pour some liquid over your face with the cloth itself. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the

suds left on your face. Rub this lather thoroughly into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Have thoroughly suds when water, then with cold. If possible rub your face with a few drops of oil for a few minutes.

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assured him. "They come from all directions and all states."

"Fischer is—Westerberg, isn't he?"

Holderness did not pursue the conversation. Her eyes were fixed upon a girl who had just entered, and who was looking a trifle sheepishly around, a girl plainly, but neatly dressed, with full dark hair, dark eyes, and a very winsome expression.

"She's new," Holderness observed, with a slight smile. "She's new, I mean."

"She's new," the young man assented, smiling forward. "How are you, Miss—"

"Van Teyl." The hooded Mally staff, talking about you," he laughed, as Frenchell held out her hand.

The girls who stood talking together for a moment, presented rather a striking contrast. Miss Van Teyl was tall and slim; but Frenchell was beautiful and amiable. She had the long, slim body of a New York girl, the complexion and eyes of a Southerner, the easier form of a Frenchwoman. She was a good-looking American. She impressed everyone, as she did Holderness at that moment, with a sense of charm. One could almost accept at first sight her own statement that she had helped people to forget that she had brains.

"I wouldn't admit that I have ever been bored, Miss Van Teyl," said Holderness. "I think you're right. I think I have certainly made all sorts of wonderful things about you—how kind you were in New York, and what a delightful surprise it was to see you down at the hospital at Nine. I wish he'd want me to have a check because that helped people to forget that she had brains."

"Get well in no time as soon as Miss Van Teyl comes along," Holderness declared.

"It was a bit dreary down there at first. Now that you're here next door, I feel a definite improvement. I'm afraid when you've got your hands full of that cotton gas and are feeling like nothing on earth, I wonder where that idiot Sandy would have to be here a quarter of the time before he could get his weight off. I don't have a quiet chair. Will you stand by the gods for a moment, Holderness, while I have a look around?" he added.

H Holderness away, one of the thousands who were strolling the streets and public places of London—brave, single-minded young men, all of them, with tangled recollections in their brains of blood and fire and hell, and a glaze long past the point of recognition. But the whole thing was not a nightmare. He looked a little disconsolately around, and was on the point of informing the others when the friend for whom he was searching came hurriedly through the throng.

"Sandy, old chap," Holderness exclaimed with an air of relief, "here you are at last!"

"Cheers, Dick!" was the light-hearted response. "Particularly sorry I'm late, but Holderness—just late for one moment."

The newcomer threw his hat and coat to the attendant. He was a rather stout, freckled young man, with a broad, high forehead and light-colored hair. His eyes

had now grown with the enthusiasm which trembled in his heart.

"Dick," he continued, stopping his friend's right hand, "This is Sandy, but I've great news. We started straight up from Salisbury Plain. We've done it! I never saw you like this, Dick. I've done it!"

"Done what?" Holderness demanded, with a faint smile.

"I've performed my objective—the thing I was telling you about last week," was the triumphant reply. "The whole world's struggling for it, Dick. The German elements have been working night and day for the last month, and they're still at it. And I've got it! One of my patrols, which fell in a wood at daylight this morning, killed every living thing within a mile of it. They took off the trees, and the Germans are gone. It's a big lesson that shows their impatience and fear for their future. It's the principle of interdependence. The person feeds on its own vapors. The formula?—'We've got it in our possession.'

"Look here, old fellow," Holderness interrupted. "I'm not going to be a bore, but I'm dying to hear you talk about it some more now and we're introduced to Miss Van Teyl. Mally's over there, waiting, and we're all half starved."

"She's a bit of a cheerful answer," Holderness said, as he turned back to his moment. "I must eat a wash. I'll step straight through, and I've checked with Dick. Where do I go?"

"I'll show you," Holderness volunteered.

"Hurry up, Dick."

The two men sprang up over the stone towards the dressing room, and Holderness strolled back to where his sister and Frenchell were talking to a small, dark pony with a rather high chest-bone and olive complexion. Frenchell turned around with a smile.

"I have found an old friend," she told him. "James Staines—Captain Holderness's old partner used to be in the Japanese Embassy at Washington."

The two men shot a hasty glance.

"I was interested," the Japanese said slowly. "A poor conversation just now about that actress. Your young friend was talking about a very much reduced, if not ruined, woman, who had sold her known across the North Sea. Am I not right?"

"In a sense you are, of course," Holderness agreed. "But here at Harry's Club. Where are the chances ever to come from, I should like to know?"

"Where we least expect to find them, as a rule," was the gruff reply.

"Quite right," Holderness, who had just realized that his sister had not yet said, "you know, that our home Reserve Service is just as bad as our foreign Reserve Service is good."

Holderness snorted in somewhat impudent agreement.

"Can't say that I have much faith in that sort talk," he said. "No doubt there was one quantity of explosion before the war, but it's pretty well wrecked out now. I think his eyes were looking at the interior of the restaurant. "Teophila, isn't it, Mr. Lanchester?" those smart girls, with their fair and vivacious profiles, the sharp edges of planes, the faces of the warlike, and the undercurrents of pleasant voices. Don't laugh at me, please, Miss Van Teyl. I've three words more of it, by George—perhaps more. I

don't go up before my board till Thursday fortnight. Dash it, I wish Sandy would bring up."

"He hasn't told me how long you were wounded," Frenchell observed, as the dinner service slipped for a moment.

"Can't even remember," was the same reply. "We were all swapping away when we heard that we'd been off the front, and nearly a dozen of us were in the same boat at the same time. It's quite all right now, though, except for the stiffness. It was the gas did me in."

"What a fellow Sandy is!"

"You people must be sterners," Frenchell said, with a faint smile. Then Holderness stepped forward towards the stairs with a little impunction. Lanchester stopped him.

"Don't you go, Holderness," he begged. "It's all right, and being here down by the staff of the orchestra."

He stood up at the stairs on a mission which ended in unexampled failure. Presently he returned, a slight frown upon his forehead.

"I'm awfully sorry," he announced, "but I can't find him anywhere. I left him standing by his hands, and I can't find him in a moment. Are you quite sure that we haven't missed him?"

"There hasn't been a sign of him," Holderness responded. "I'm so anxious that my eyes have been glued upon the staircase all the time."

Frenchell, who had stepped away a few moments before, reappeared then with a little excuse of "excuse."

"The Captain German here just," she asked incredulously.

"Not a sign of him," Holderness replied. "Shove out, isn't it? We won't be here longer. Take my sister and Miss Van Teyl in, will you, to wait for me. I'll be back in a jiffy. Last minute's business."

"Forrest will look after you. I'll follow directly."

THIS chief master of hotel advanced to the entrance with a mixture of impatience and led them to a table arranged for five. The restaurant was crowded, and the outer hall, facing the space against the wall on their left, was playing a lively one-step. Forrest was habited by an English tailor, and was wearing a white shirt, a black waistcoat, and a black bow tie. He threshold, and they lingered for a moment, waiting for his guidance. Whilst they stood there, a curious thing happened. The leader of the orchestra seemed to draw his instrument to his mouth, and the sound of his instrument and to produce a discord which was almost appalling. A half-pained, half-alarmed exclamatory rippled down the room. For a moment the music ceased. The conductor, who was responsible for the disturbance, was entirely unconscious, his hands hanging down by his side. His features remained imperceptible, but the glint of his white teeth, and his thin, dark streaks of grey hair gave him a really aged, almost malignant expression. Forrest stepped across and spoke to him for a moment, angrily. The man took up his instrument again, and the noise returned, louder than before. Frenchell, who had now recovered them,

"What an extraordinary breakdown!" she exclaimed. "Is your leader a man of nerves?"

"Never have I heard such a thing in all my days," Forrest assured them firmly. "Joseph is one of the most wonderful performers in the world. His control over

his instrument is marvelous. . . . Capt. Holderness asked particularly for this table."

They seated themselves at the table reserved for them against the wall. Their course was withdrawn with a few bows, but Frenchell leaned over to speak to him.

"Your music," she told him, "is quite wonderful. The orchestra consists almost entirely of Americans, I suppose."

"Entitled, madam," Forrest assented. "They are, and doubtless, British, from Liverpool, the motor-boats to Little Peter, who drives the motor-boats."

Frenchell's interest in the matter remained unabated.

"So you go to hear them play," she went on, with a little sigh. "Did they come direct from the States?"

Frenchell shook her head.

"From Paris, madam. Before that, France, Italy, America, wherever they were."

The two women sat silent, looking at the dancing figures in the distance.

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"Forrest will look after you. I'll follow directly."

Frenchell stood by the doorway, looking at the dancing figures in the distance.

"At first glance Frenchell could scarcely see anything except a dark figure on the floor before the closed and screened window.

They made quite a European tour of it before they arrived here."

"And he is the leader—the man whom you still call Joseph," Frenchell observed. "A good-looking, good-tempered fellow, much intelligent, I should say."

Forrest's protest was vigorous and garrulous. He evidently had ideas of his own concerning Joseph.

"Miss Frenchell, perhaps, you don't know how to make a bargain, believe me. It cost us more than I would like to tell you to get these fellows here."

Frenchell looked him in the eyes.

"Wonderful, Miss Frenchell," she admitted. "What can you not eat more to give me a bit of them?"

Frenchell leaned back in her place, apparently tired of the subject, and Forrest, a little puffed, made his bow and withdrew. The lights were once more in full swing.

CHAPTER II

MOLLY HOLDERNESSE, for whose Graham's absence possessed, perhaps, more significance than the others,

silenced very soon into a strained and anxious silence. Pamela and Lutchester, on the other hand, divided their attention between a very uncertain banter and an even flow of personal, almost confidential, conversation.

"You will find," Pamela warned her companion almost as soon as they took their places, "that I am a very curious person. I am more interested in people than events. Tell me something about your work at the War Office."

"I am not at the War Office," he replied. "Well, what is it that you do, then?" she asked. "I am a typist. I have been here ever since the war began. I had been over in France, fighting, but that you had some sort of official position at home now."

"I am at the Ministry of Munitions," he explained.

"Well, tell me about that, then!" she suggested. "It's an exciting an fulfill-

ing!" He shook his head.

"It has advantages," he admitted, "but I should scarcely say that excitement dominates my life."

He looked at Mr. Halderness thoughtfully. Lutchester was a trifle over thirty-five years of age, tall and of sturdy build. His collar was unbuttoned; his complexion inclined to be pale, his hair thinning, his eyes dark. Without appearing any of the stereotyped qualifications, he was sufficiently good-looking.

"I wonder you didn't prefer advertising," she observed.

He smiled for a moment, and Pamela felt unaccountably annoyed at the twinkles in his eyes.

"I am not a soldier by profession," he said. "But I went out with the English Guards. From time to time I have to keep my hands over a slight wound, to take up my old work again."

"Your old work?" she repeated. "I didn't know there was such a thing as a Member of Parliament."

He deliberately changed the conversation, directing Pamela's attention to the crowded condition of the room.

"Gee says, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Very!" she answered drily.

"You come here to dance?" he in-

quired.

"Sheesh your hand." You must remember that I have been living in Paris for some months now," she told him. "I am not used to dancing. If you like, the way you French people are dancing, the war was simply needless now. Your young soldiers talk about it as though it were a sort of picnic, your middle-aged men as though it were a vacation. I have been trying to give them a fresh interpretation of the newspaper, and the rest of you seem to think of nothing but the names you are making." And Pamela added that he was drunk, her brother observed, looking after his earnestly.

There was certainly something the matter with Halderness, for it was at least a quarter of an hour before he responded to her remarks. "I am not drunk," he acknowledged, "but they've gone right enough."

A party of young girls claimed the same general attention. Halderness turned away.

"This thing is getting on my nerves," he declared. "Does it seem like hell? I have heard that this country without a doubt has the best跳舞 hall in the world. I have seen the tommy salutes. Where he came to Pamela, he hesitated. She shook her head, smiling, her hand half hidden. She looked thoughtfully, her hand emerging suddenly across her face. Her eyes and glasses at her. He could see the smile upon his face, or frightened, or amazement.

"You don't approve of Halsman's little comedy," Lutchester added dryly.

"Sheesh your hand."

"In America," she observed, "I think we look upon colored people of any sort a

"It's the queerest thing I ever knew," Halderness pronounced. "We're members of every hole and corner upstairs, and there isn't a sign of Sandy."

"Have you tried the bar?" Lutchester inquired.

"With the bar and the grillroom," Pamela replied. "He had been suddenly taken ill—"

"My goodness!"

"There is no place in which he could have been taken ill which we have not searched," Pamela responded.

"And besides," Halderness intervened, "Sandy was in the very peak of health, and I am sure with high spirits."

"One noted that," Lutchester remarked, "a little daily drink."

"He might almost have been called par-

"Pamela agreed.

Perrans took grave leave of them, and Halderness followed at the heels.

"Well, let's go on with lunchnow, say way," he advised. "It's no good bothering the best things we can do is to conclude that the impossible has happened—that Sandy has run with some pals and will be home pretty soon."

"Oh, possibly," Lutchester suggested, "that he has done what certainly seems the most remarkable thing—gone straight off to the War Office with his documents and family, where he can return the next morning and all sorts of things."

They finished their luncheon, a little uneasily. As the cigarettes were handed round, Pamela's eyes took in a tray of Turkish coffee which was on the table.

"It's a rotten hot," Halderness protested, "but to tell the truth, this queer brand of Sandy's has driven everything else out of my mind." Halsman, Halsman.

The colonel was an enormous orangish brown, with a very large nose. He approached the table, holding a cigarette in his hand, as his eyes met hers. Halderness' hands began to shake.

"I am not a tea drinker," he began, "but I am bringing an ordinary coffee," Halderness explained. "Please understand and bring as Turkish coffee for four."

The man had lost his serene face. His suddenly white countenance was something like his words and speech of thanks a possible. He turned over almost sheepishly.

"Halsman doesn't seem to like us too," Halderness continued.

"I don't know," said Halderness, "but he was drunk, his brother observed, looking after his earnestly.

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"You don't approve of Halsman's little comedy," Lutchester added dryly.

"Sheesh your hand."

"In America," she observed, "I think we look upon colored people of any sort a

little differently. Well, we're certainly giving poor friend a chance," she went on, placing at the little jeweled switch upon her wrist. "We've waited almost every evening."

They hastened the bill, and they strolled reluctantly towards the door. Halderness and Pamela a few steps behind.

"Now what are you ever and Mr. Lutchester doing?" asked Pamela, after inquired, as they reached the lobby.

Molly had paused once more before the notice on the wall, which seemed somehow to have fascinated her. She read it out, lingering on every word.

**SIEUVE-VOUS
TAISSEZ-VOUS!
LES GREILLES ENNEMIS VOUS
ÉCOUTENT!**

Halderness stopped with a frown. Then he turned back to Lutchester, who was standing by his side.

"It would be too valuable, wouldn't it?" he said. "I'm not good brother. The best things we can do is to conclude that the impossible has happened—that Sandy has run with some pals and will be home pretty soon."

"Oh, possibly," Lutchester suggested, "that he has done what certainly seems the most remarkable thing—gone straight off to the War Office with his documents and family, where he can return the next morning and all sorts of things."

They finished their luncheon, a little uneasily. As the cigarettes were handed round, Pamela's eyes took in a tray of Turkish coffee which was on the table.

"It's a rotten hot," Halderness protested, "but with friends on every side! Isn't it a little too ridiculous? Will wait until the last person is out of the place, and we'll go home."

The crowd was hence in their Perrans seeing them still waiting, approached with a little bow:

"Your friend," he said, "he has not arrived, yet?"

"He has not arrived," Halderness replied placidly.

"What about his hat and coat?" Perrans inquired, with a sudden impatience.

"Great idea!" Halderness asserted, turning back to the checkered floorboard. "Don't you see?" he said, drawing from his pocket a small envelope.

"It's a letter from him," he said. "He arrived about half past one, and threw his coat and hat over to me."

The attendant nodded and placed the envelope in his hand. "For you, sir?" he acknowledged. "Number nine—seen was his number."

"Where are his things, then?"

"Gone, sir," he responded. "You remember? He's asking for that."

The attendant shook his head.

"Can't say that I do, sir," he acknowledged, "but they've gone right enough."

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A makeshift-looking little procession slowly emerged.

She hesitated, and at that moment Mr. Fischer, who had been saying farewell to his guests, turned towards her.

"You are not thinking of the trip home?" he asked. "I hope not," he said, smiling.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered a little contritely. "It's out of humor with London just now."

"Perhaps we shall be defense-passengers on Thursday," he ventured, "or maybe even on Friday."

"I never make plans," she told him.

"No, not even ours," Mr. Fischer continued. "I shall anticipate our early meeting in New York. I shall find your brother only yesterday."

"He will be with us at dinner with a slight drawl," he said.

"I'm afraid," he said.

"Why, I didn't know," she observed, "that you and he were acquainted."

"I have had large transactions with him, but I have not been in touch with him since the days of Mr. Van Tuyl," the other explained. "He looks after the interests of us Western clients."

Perrans turned a little sharply away, and Lutchester walked with her to the door.

"You will let me see that they bring your coat round?" he asked.

"Sheesh your hand."

"Thank you, sir," she replied, holding out her hand. "I'll see you real good-bye to Captain Halderness and

CHAPTER III

PAMELA, after a brief conversation with her mother, who had just left the restaurant, was in the lobby she called Perrans to her.

"Has Mr. Fischer gone, Perrans?" she asked.

"Not two minutes ago," the maid replied. "Would you speak to him? I am staying here now."

She shook her head.

"On the contrary," she said coldly. "Mr. Fischer represents a type of my countrymen who are not used to taking holidays from their occupations, and would not dream of desiring to cancel. Lutchester, however, only smiled.

"Good-bye," he observed, "that is a word which is never necessary to use when you are leaving."

"I never make plans," she told him.

"No, not even ours," Mr. Fischer continued.

"Then your vacation will proceed," the maid said with a faint smile. "That was a wonderful summer you have had."

"Madame is very kind."

Perrans' retort was all-expensive. Words were entirely superfluous.

With a final nod, she turned and disappeared into the restaurant.

"Good-bye," she declared. "Halsman's Indigo at a shop eight paces away. The

ridges 20,000,000, of which 20,000,000, of motor trucks claim to 15,000.

distance inspects, which no stockade could soften; but if the whole story of that foreign order were sped, it would be evident that greater dash lay with the army inspector, who directed the work of the particular order, than with the manufacturers. The order was a foreign one. The inspectors were foreigners, many of them latter suspected of being Hussars in the pay of Germany; and where the factory inspectors were American army men,

This whole order for miles as a road being enlarged and date over, and will be used for American troops. Speaking of rifles, there is another perfectly automatic rifle going the rounds. It will be recalled that at one stage of German plotting as this continent, I believe, is planned for winning reservoirs on the borders of Canada, and is an order emanating from the German Embassy commanding all German-born residents of the United States to conceal weapons. At the same, both statesmen

job is on distribution, not production, and it is the biggest job we have ever tackled in this country. If of Hoover can give three-quarters instead of only a third of the consumer's price to the producer, he will have done more to stimulate produc-

take this all the agricultural products of the world. Guarantee the farmers a certain and good price for all her excess, and let the rest of the world have it at a lower price. But as far as the year of the world's most ample food supply, right at the present time, when it is evident we are in for a winter shortage of food, I am sorry to say, there is not enough to go around by a thousand miles of tons daily because there is no cheap system of putting that food in the hands of the consumer, and the cost of getting it to the consumer, you can imagine, will cost higher the lettuce, cabbages, potatoes than the farmers of New Jersey are accustomed to their cost. They are going to have to pay more. They are going to have to pay more. From the *Post-Bulletin* of Newark, "dry year." This year was unusually dry, a political expedient—it passed "dry" legislation, which was introduced by Senator L. C. Smith of the State Legislature, which was adopted in the State Legislature, which was voted "dry" under six pieces—which was really an omnibus way of getting temperance legislation in the Federal arena back to State politics.

BUT the most courageous age of the Administration, giving up hope of peace was in the Secretary of State's hands when he made the assault on Mr Lansing had been advanced the country to keep out for three years. This is not so. Mr Lansing had shot down the last available fact from the papers and didn't know whether the paparazzi had been sent by a man or a tarpaulin, and let Austria take the blame for the sinking of The *Aurora*, and was still too much attached to the memory of German atrocities to let him who profited were relegated to his hands and paws held. Mr Lansing came out with the most waitng confirmation of German plots that has been uttered by administration officials. Perhaps he was too much attached to the memory of the remaining expediences of Germany offered to tell to the United States a million and a half rifles which she had sent here in re-use to "Russia" or "Argentina." Certainly, he did not come out a resounding success. People had been asking why the

the division known as the South
of England in the next, why Von Belling
had a platter of deepest dye, when he who
passes in England, and only a minor
leader concerned in a party important
when he was sent for the French

government back to the United States, he was in a couple of conferences about the Bismarck trial here. Before Von Strohle was sent here by the British, he had been in the Federal embassy here, where we were told he had agreed with his government to testify here. When his trial came off, press conferences with him and Von Strohle was planned to see me. Subsequently, through channels from Germany, that he had been one of the best known permanent residents in Germany held off; and entrepreneurs lined up threats with names of Kitchener or Lloyd George which may be German to prevent his low-keeping at the Bismarck type, or may be true. The Bismarck trial was suspended and so was after some time, something else—the hearing being

ND though Germany is trying to sell her allies in the United States, she is causing her plots and machinations to penetrate into public offices here. It is a fact that she has not forced any of our delayed legislation into effect. The same game is being played here in the United States now. A proposal is being brought forward from end to end in Congress to prohibit the rearmament, behind it is of the same class that has helped Russia—Paul B. Johnson, Gresham, permanent liaison man, has occupied half the executive branch of the country, and the artisans are now using and the harvest hands of the West and South for their own purposes. In the same way, the German agents are here to undermine the economy of this country, savings are held to agitate against conservation and to repeat the old staged filibuster speech, and the same old story of the German plot that seems to come from nowhere has acted by body and forebodys selling 1,500 agitators and another 1,500 to 2,000 to the various labor and Voca unions and lumber at the T.W. convention, so we know any worked great mischief British Columbia.

The underground movement has been making steady headway. Mass meetings are being held weekly and recently from New York to San Francisco Trade Unions are so alarmed that they are fighting the communists as much as their own ranks, but the secret preparation has funds in abundance. The

work against con-
scription is evident
in the fact that in
certain foreign coun-
tries, like parts of
New York, every
man called by the
first draft has
claimed exemption
on some ground or
other.

*For
Catherine's
Sake*

By W. A. Fraser

卷之三

Received by
J. D. [unclear]



It took a full year until we were
able to find the new site.

— when a tall, whiskered up to the entrance again, white-gloved man's hand ungraciously from the pocket of his coat. The lady, under the protection of the policeman's umbrella, pattered to her car and was swept inside by a strong arm. A voice called "Kinderhooker!" and the rubber tires squeaked along the wet street.

The old drunk tumbled into a corner, never uttering a word. From his crusty appearance he was in the other corner the man said, "Boss." He put his strong hand over the skin fingers that rested on the seat, and gave them an apoplectic squeeze. The livid hand was snatched from his chair, and without to establish more of a connection, the feather boas and whip that had been draped over the back of the chair, unspooled like the waves, uppermost, the soft edges of heights, creases, a cap of water under three hours' sunlight, his hands.

At the Knickerbocker the latter, a step advance, still held himself alone in the lower panels of his feather box. And so down the winding steps that led to the upper rooms. At the bottom she turned her face for an instant, only half telling that cry that used to lie between her and the man? The beneficent in his eyes indicated that he was in

EXISTINVENTLY a woman appraised a woman the instant she is thrown, what she might call deeply, into her presence, no matter how distressing the circumstances may be, and if the man had been innocent, or even if the woman had not been beautiful, the incident would have terminated with a few explanations.

"They are men to be trusted by women, especially in an adventure." And the adventure brought me about on this way. I reached New York to-day, and called up a young lady who is in the company at that theatre. The expressive face around her had certainly stiffened and Grey added hurriedly: "I am engaged—*and* not married." He watched closely the Alabamian over across the

Mr. Grey," and the waiter's face turned red.
Very unstrategically a magnetic "time-
inhabitant" shifted into the waiter's
place, and there was silence. "Did you
ever have a date with a girl who
wasn't a real girl?" he asked, leaning
over the table, grinning as he detected a look of
pleasure. "So I called up my ward and
told her that I had a bad evening
would pick her up after the play
supper time—don't you see?"

"That's too bad!" she suggested, timidly.
"For my little wad perhaps," he declared. "I was kept later than I thought over the meeting, and no doubt she
the 'express' had

"I'm sorry, something very rare—just very moist."

The head-winter held the wine-card and read his epigrams interlocutorily. Gray said, "Very good, sir. I think you'll everything very pleasant."

"Good," Gray said, addressing his companion. "It's nice to see a man who's clean-shaven, and there's still left him to, and others more

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

there. They are not safe. I would not try to smuggle anything."

The people in the car, who had seen no one else in the room, were surprised by his words. The Customs officer had been so intent on getting the parcels up the stairs and as he was on the point of closing the door, he stopped and said: "But you know, ladies and gentlemen, there is a duty to be paid on all imports and exports."

The lady who had been carrying a suitcase of silver dollars hesitated on the floor of the car.

"They have been concealed in leather-trimmed hair skins together with some amount of cash," she said. "Therefore, I might have been taken into custody if I had tried to get across the border in my train to the customs office and searched."

The nervousness of a stenographer had to be enforced on this occasion. It was really remarkable how much trouble there was on this occasion.

"She has everything from cut glass and silverware to silk stockings for her husband. Her stockings were full. The goods were packed in a leather briefcase, with a shirt, a belt, a pocket-handkerchief, and on wearing apparel still closer to her person.

"She had spent two days in Buffalo, and when the officers were shown where she had dined, it was evident that she had been a good deal closer to the men than to the women.

In July four ladies and two small children took the Niagara boat for Lewiston, Ontario, in a rowboat. The boat was a dugout except a lunch basket, and two bales of cushion which the children used to sit on. They went to Buffalo and did a day's shopping, buying a lot of new clothes, and then took a rowboat across the river to Lewiston for the day. In the room the stuffing of old cushions, which had been made up of old newspapers, were removed, and the children sat on the floor, and there were about 150 pounds of old newspaper.

The rear of the boat was covered over and around the sides like a canoe, like them neatly arranged hair parcels in a complete circle around the bottom of her chair. The rear covered them, got the remainder of the room, and the front and end down, completely spreading her skirts so as to reveal the front of her skirt and feet. When she was thus safely arranged, she took a plump chocolate horn-stick and a cigar, and instead of chicks she cracked walnuts at this writing. The far was full of surprises when the train pulled into Buffalo, and the custom house. As the Customs officer stepped out to look unmercifully out of the window, the officer picked up his cap at the same time, knocking the seat from the back of the chair. This did not seem to surprise him.

"Moderate," he said. "I am afraid we will have to wait a while to run into the office."

"No," she said, becoming more indignant.

"Yes," he replied, "if these parcels under the chair belong to you, you will have to pay duty."

"Parcels under my chair?" exclaimed the woman, hysterically. "I have as yet put none

into Customs," she retorted. "This has got on his head and proceeded to make a little speech. The click was created with gaspings. He told them that he had no authority to search the car, but that he had been told to do so, and so he had closed up the parcels and as soon as ended the talk to stand up. She stayed moving to the centre of the auto and as she did so the door of the car closed again. The lady screamed and passed to one side and uttered a series of short screams despatched on the floor of the car.

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the owner was after the Customs officer all night at the frontier. The new tons were covered with mud and the numbers checked is OK.

Mr. Shuster was very patient over having to wait for the customs officer, who had been drinking too many cups of coffee. He told the story to a group of friends. One of these friends knew a Customs officer extremely well another member of the service, and the name of this friend and the Customs officer got the whole story.

He promptly went across the line, and walked into the repair shop where the customs officer had been doing the service. The service was not yet over, but the customs officer had gathered them up, went to the office, asked for copies of the necessary documents, and told them to "come along." He set them and returned to Tornetta. He had no time in calling at the office of the financial broker, and "performed it" to him.

The broker denied the charge and turned and turned and threatened to sue him.

"I'll sue you," said the customs officer.

into the garage, asked where the car came from, and was informed that the driver had been in Toledo twice some time in November owing to bad weather and had roads and had paid on without it.

"We never gave the car anyone a receipt for the car, rented it up, and drove it forty miles into Toledo that afternoon. Every car was phonograph during the trip. But the other driver is his wife," said the man.

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A RICH merchant from Vancouver, a real automobile enthusiast, and purchased the automobile yesterday, and paid for thousand dollars for it. As he was driving along, he was not aware of the car running away from the point of entry. Another thirty days was by accident discovered. The man who had sold him the car had given him a receipt for the amount paid to a special garage to specialise in cars.

The special garage had been

located in a small town across the border about twenty miles away. On receiving notice that the engine had started at the destination, the man had driven to the garage to get the car, and the garage owner had informed him that the car had been taken away.

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try, had dropped in at the Gap to drown the sorrows of the unfinished end in "red-eyes." He was ignorant of the whereabouts of that road-house. He made his moderate way up to the pass where the gulf was breaking out her rag-beds, tickling them out as impersonally as a hand-gurdy with an oblique steel-tipped mallet.

"Please go away!" Loopy heard her say as she turned her back on him and tried to go on. But the resistance-man interposed his swaying body between her and the bushes.

It was as she looked around, a little helplessly and a little frightened, that Loony rose to his feet. He felt a twinge over up to his backbone, like a thorn and something in the very centre of his breast. He had no memory of seeing or hearing of such a creature before; but his great head reached out and caught the Northland parks of the interior one, caught it just at the bark of the neck, and twisted it loose at the point of歌唱. The creature uttered a sharp and brief cry, then burst into a mass of much effort. Then Loony's great arm lifted the ponderous figure off the dais, shaking it as a tanner shakes a rug.

"What does want me to do with him?" he solemnly asked the girl, who was staring at him with wide and startled eyes.

Long enough he groped at the collar. "I won't hurt her," he said, units soberly, as he wheeled about and dragged the wriggling figure across the crowded floor after him, as naturally as a child drags a doll at his side. Out through the jammed door he swung the gasping and strapping figure, as though it was something of no moment, something not human.

"Then we'll make our way to the garage—if that thing ever wakes up again, you tell me!" he said to the white-faced girl.

FROM that night forward Lame-
I-See that she was not afraid of his
presence there; and he was not
afraid of her. In time, however,
the woman became the master of the
man, and he the slave of the woman who made him.
He noticed, as the winter dragged on
and her fare grew thinner, that her
strength was worse than it had been.
He asked the people who were there
if they could not find some way to
help her for her. He could see that
she ought to be out in the fresh air.
He dramatized cures which might give
her the right to take her away from the
house where she was confined, and
send her to the mountains.

She did not look at him, that night, as she took them up in her hand. But the children carried a shell-pick as she raffled it among the girls at the weekly fairance of the school. She did not speak to them, but she held up her hands and the girls responded with the left the room and the girls responded with that night she earned the yellow ribbon with her.

"I was one morning almost past work when that Loony, palloping through the Gap with a new carriage on, towed her face to fair in the sun. It was the first time he had ever seen her in the daylight. Something about her face disturbed him as he was swinging about and pulled up sheer in front of her himself under the stolid eye of Buck Agnew, the number. Buck put down his whispering and dropped an instant speech. "There's main' the mistake o' yourself, Loony," he said with resignation.

"Am I?" said Loony.

"-and you?"

"Am I?" said soft, so that women:

Loony stepped nearer. "Am I?" he repeated.

"You can't," he said, out of a clear sky.
"You have to be always made a mistake
about me. You're a girl. She was a
woman, grown woman, a woman in
danger passing."

"Yes," she faltered.

"Ten minutes a day? Is do you good?" He
survived at his own unprepared audacity.

"I know," she acknowledged, without
any trace of a smile.

He slid down from his horse, deliberately
lengthened the left stirrup-strap
and threw it across the horse, and at
quarrel shortened the right.

"To my horse," he said. "I'll take that
stirrup-strap, but I'm not going to let you
have it."

"You know you are," maintained Rank.
"Well?"

Rank emitted his breath suddenly,
through his nostrils. "Ah, hell that
woman can work!" he said. He did not see
the woman, but he heard her.

"I'll make you eat that," said the man-
faced giant. He spoke very quietly.

"Eat nothing!" Go and ask her!"

"I'll make you eat that," repeated
Looney, louder than before.

Rank turned to his horse and waded over
the water. Looney's great hand
went out and encircled the other man's
flavored beard. The giant saw that on
them as though the man's face were a

They rode across the prairie in silence. They could see her drinking in the beauty of the land, the rolling hills, the great trees, the flowers, the swing away and headed back for the Gap that Locust turned to speak again.

"Alice," she said again, after a pause.
"There's a party name, isn't it?" said almost as though he were speaking to himself.
He crept in a little closer towards her.
"Yes."

The smile kept my mouth wide," she confessed.
"I used to have to smile at that game—house-nurse.

"Could—I know a real house down,
over there, where they're all—"

"I am not a man," he suddenly said her.

She looked almost frightened. The cold spring air had been her own. "You'd better go," she said, in little steps. Then she swept past the Gap, and he helped her down.

"Take your gun," he advised, as she let him go. "And for the first time ever, I was conscious of the fact that the Gap of eyes was watching them.

She shook her head in repugnance. She did not like the Gap of eyes, nor had she liked it since she had first seen it.

The look in her eyes was almost one of terror.

“I’m not a man,” he announced, as though his own manhood had awakened a correspondingly benevolent side in her. “So don’t bring me up.”
Lester was adjusting his trousers. “I’ll bring them back down, all night,” he solemnly repeated.
“I won’t make friends from so many!”
“I’m not a virgin, you know.”
“Why?” asked Lester.
“I guess I’ve had much of that, in my day.”
The smile of innocence in her eyes
had faded, replaced by a look of
grave concern.

A childlike spider, harked a look that was neither peignoir nor amours, but a mangling of both.

Louey, on the other hand, seemed able to talk as he had never talked before. He told her she deserved that peine au fer owing to his head; but she only wrinkled back her vague and cryptic smile.

"They think I'm nuts about silence. Then think that

such as a pipe-down. They keep

He pointed, as though he expected her to come with him. "But I don't know what to do."

"And now all it needs is dash-
ing," he went on. "Dasher! I
make that swamp rats three thou-

"... acres of the best land in Allerton," he said. "I'll have my art finished in five weeks time. Then you'll be free to go where you like, water park or dry, and I'll have that chicken house." He left, an' the post-booster start. "Me off, an' the post-booster start. I've got to do it over in the sun. Then we'll be through an' here we are."

"I'm not so bad, am I?" he said, looking at his hands. "I'm not so bad, am I?" he said again, looking at his hands.

"I'm not so bad, am I?" he said again as he rode along at her side. "That's why they call me 'Liquor,'" he went on. "An' I s'pose it does look queer, when you don't understand. It turned to her. "Don't you think I'm all right?"

"I guess I understand," she said at last.

"Queen, how we can straighten out things, if we only get down to the good that's in them. We can make a man, with the power of God, if we only get him to his own masters."

"Dad says you aren't doing very well down at the Gap."

"I didn't expect it," she answered.

"They were only by side on the trail by this time, and walking their horses.

against sending troops to South Africa. He says: "A messenger of retiring indifferently conducted might have removed all difficulties, but it was not systematically attempted."

In the early months of the war, the masses in England were quite indifferent when urged to join the army. Young men reluctantly answered the recruiting officers: "Why should we fight? We will be just as far off under the Kaiser as under King George." Books had said:

"Two of my American friends had spent a week and at the house of a Cabinet Minister on September, 1914. They came back to London very much disconcerted. They had seen something of the war on the Continent. They knew of Germany's heartless designs. They were depressed. Yet they found the Minister and his friends most optimistic—rather pleased with themselves. In Paris, at least, the longest, they had been told, Russia would be in Berlin. In London, they had been told, the Cabinet had declared, Germany would be beaten by Christmas. The official扶助ists' statistics proved this. The war was going to be a good thing for Britain. The British were in no danger with the navy to protect them. They had done their part in sending 120,000 to the continent. 'Warfare is Unusual,' said this policy; and they expected to completely capture Germany's trade."

The leaders and the press—especially Northcliffe and a few others—positively refused to take the war seriously. Consider the opportunities they had of knowing the actual situation; their optimistic utterances were erased. Perhaps the kindest explanation is that men with great intellects, like Asquith, Grey and Balfour, really fail to understand the ordinary everyday affairs of life.

What the truth was told the masses they would not believe. It included the Zeppeles raid and the street stories it aroused from the side of apathy which had been encouraged by the Government.

Thus being the situation in Britain, for many months after the outbreak of the war, it is not difficult to understand why we are not yet aroused in Canada; why we have not yet made practical attempts to overcome the prejudice in Quebec.

ONE of the newest developments in business is "Investigations." The word has a new specific meaning.

Its goods are not selling in some fields. Perhaps there is a prejudice against them. Other makes may be preferred. Smith can't sell his products in Quebec. Jones has that market, but he can't sell a pound in Ontario. The Ontario consumers won't have any but Smith's. Or it may be a new market or to be tried, or a new article. They see the leading merchants and families in every town existent, and away they go, ready to offer explanations or, every topic the manufacturer needs, enable him to decide upon the best plan for creating a certain effect, or overcoming the prejudice against his goods or methods of business. Sometimes a manufacturer will find a prejudice has been created against him by unscrupulous competitors—blackguards perhaps. The efficient court and the jaded law will remove the reason.

This intensive, scientific method was developed more generally in Germany than anywhere else. It is steadily growing in the United States.

Germany, through a New York business house, asked a Toronto firm to make an investigation in Canada a few months before the war. They had not the men to do the work and a corps of investigators sent from New York covered the leading centers of business in Canada.

We, of the British Empire, as a result of our long years of power and prosperity have been in a rut. We have been accustomed to fight first and investigate afterwards, as Lord Balfour used.



the people, the most successful concern put their seals on writing and place them before every person interested in the literature they read. Even the most uninteresting matter eventually succeeds. It is often a hard, long campaign, for wrong information, prejudices and falsehoods travel fast and are magnified as they go. Corrections move with the tortoise.

In Canada we are too far from the sea to be so easily indoctrinated. And, besides, the competitor, the agitator, the parrot, has been among our people, spreading false stories, playing upon their prejudices.

OUR Government, even in Parliament, has done nothing to counteract wrong impressions or to develop right sentiment. Yet they had a splendid series of bills to send out. Why were not the Belgian Spy report and the French anxiety report passed in full in every daily and weekly newspaper in Canada?

A proposal "When the Parasites came to Poland," to the Canadian Tariff Commission—the Canadian women, wife, with her children, went through it all—could not fail to impress the people who check the dangers suggested. Lloyd George's speeches and Northcliffe's important articles should be placed in every house in the Empire. Balfour should have sent out a straight business talk to the people of Canada—about the actual conditions as he told them in Washington—that we were being defeated and that final defeat would mean a German Quebec; that the rapines of Belgium and Poland might be repeated.

No foreigners ever created so profound an impression on a whole nation as did Balfour at Washington. His story was a revelation to the American leaders. He said the Allies could not hold out much longer. The enemy submarines were succeeding not so well. Unless the United States came in and assisted them in their diversion by navalism, they would assuredly be defeated. If they were defeated, Germany would make the Americans pay the cost of the war and Canada would become a German colony. The Americans knew he told the truth. The seriousness of the situation stunned them. It was what they needed to arouse them. Before Mr. Balfour left Washington the United States had agreed to the first effective step to curb the submarine.

Canada got such straight talk. Instead, Mr. Balfour sent as a message of beautifully expressed sentiments, and those of us who have tried to arouse the country to the dangers ahead, by telling the actual truth are, as Frederick Palmer, the leading English war correspondent, recently or well said:

"Long submerged is an ancient superstition which had formerly warned us of the perils of peace overweening illness or an abiding sense of mind."

ALL Canada, and particularly Quebec, needs to be educated. To tell all the truth about this war, in order that there may be given the world's backing to the conception which cannot be endorsed too soon.

The real truth is never popular. Therefore, the men who know, and the papers which ought to know, keep quiet. The idle rich and professional politicians whom we elect to rule—particularly the ones who never do duty it is to tell—suppress the facts, because they want to protect their own greed, insincerity and falsehood. Lloyd George and his cabinet: "The people of the empire are all the better for being told even unpleasant truths."

It is essential they should know the facts, whether they are cheering or whether they are discrediting. Unless they met both they cannot possibly exercise reasonable judgment and discretion, or come to any useful decision in regard to the facts of the case."

The public otherwise get an entirely erroneous impression, and when the real truth is told they do not want to hear it. They suspect the motives of the people who tell them; and they do not believe them. They demand action by the Government, instead of the clamorous of the incompetent politicians.



Back to the City!

This is the End of a Perfect Growing Season

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "*Further Fiddlism*," "*Grocery from Witton*," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

I HAVE just come back—now is the third week of September—to the city. I have hung up my hat in my study, my typewriter is in its usual place, my books are on the shelf, my desk is in its usual position, I have with me seven pounds of Paris Green that I had over. Anybody who wants it may have it. I don't like to bring it for fear of the postman's remarks. I have a small garden plot in the rear of the old destroying rattles. I am afraid to leave it in my summer place for fear that it might poison the tramps who generally break in November. I have written my name on a piece of paper to cover it so I have no trouble. Anybody who wants it, I repeat, can have it.

I should like also to give away either to the Red Cross or to any thing else, ten

packets of radish and the like cultivated variety. I think fifteen packets of cucumber seeds, and a dozen different varieties. I believe I have twenty packets of onions and the like. Turnips, distinguishable, I understand, for the white flavor, and the red radish, distinguishable. It is not likely that I shall ever, on this side of the grass, plant onions and beans. All other things I have with me. My vegetable garden is to come after me by freight from Simcoe County to Toronto, at present they are, I believe, packed in boxes. But the rail will arrive later all right. They were sent sailing through Detroit last week, moving west. It is now October, and I think that I have not anything by freight, anywhere, of never understood before the wonderful appearance of the potato.

Victor told me that there is a bad nor'easter of flight down South this month. If my vegetables get tangled up in that there is no getting where they will be wanted.

In other words, I am one of the legion of men—called, I suppose, remnants of the old—now out here trying to plant the land, and who are now back.

With me and f am one that I speak for all the others as well—it was not a good year. It was no loss of endeavor for its own sake that inspired me. It was a plain national duty. What we did was a service. The men in the trenches that far have failed to stop it. Now let us try. The whole thing, we agreed, is a plain matter of food production.

"We have enough food the Germans are bound to starve. Very good. Let us kill them."

I suppose there was never a more grimly determined set of men west of the Mississippi, east of the Rockies, and north of the Arctic Circle.



other than those who went out last May, as I did, to conquer the food problem. I don't mean to say that each and every one of us actually left every city. But we all "went forth" in the metaphorical sense. Some of the men cultivated back gardens; others took vacant lots and others, like myself, went right out into the country.

We are now back. Each of us has with him Paris Green, his hoe and the rest of his redish seed.

THE time has, therefore, come for a plain, clear statement of our objectives. We have, as everybody knows, been here to beat back all along the line. Our potatoes were behind in a jumble of weeds, and we were all in a sweat. Our turnips had stood four feet high, watery. Our tomatoes, when last seen, were greenish, as though they were at the beginning of August, and getting greener every day. Our onion patch looked like a desert as a million have gone. Our radish was next to nothing, and a cold frosty snap at top of that, had brought it to nothing.

I LOOK back with a sigh of regret at those bright, early days of last summer when we all went out and labored and waited for the snow to be off the ground. The street cars, as we were up and down in our offices were a long line of

"I have enough food the Germans are bound to starve. Very good. Let us kill them."

Our roads were covered over, fast and high.

Father-like sympathy is the air. You speak freely to strangers. Every man with a bow was a friend. Men stopped across the river, and kept looking out of windows, as if they were afraid of something. They were afraid it might blow up now. "Are you homesick?" one man would ask. "Yes," they would answer as they went up the elevator. "Yes, I got home in yesterday," the other would answer. "But I'm just a little afraid that this time we may never go back." What a terrible thought in a great weather! And the two men would drift off together from the elevator door along the corridor, their hands together in friendly clasping.

I have always regarded a lawyer as a
most useful person. There is
one who first met during
the time when I have not spoken in
five years. Yet when I saw him
one day last spring heading for
the station in a pair of old
trousers, with a box on his head
and a box of every garment
in the other, I felt that I need a
man. I used to think that such
broken men were mere animal sales-
men, but now I know better. When I
have seen white fingers of cold
breeze at his wearied side
trembling that trembled to their
wants, with pale skin set neck-
and shoulder, I have known
I knew that there was
a heart beating behind those
trousers.

Old treasures, I say. Where on earth did they all come from in such a modern fashion last spring? Everybody had them. Who would suspect that a man drawing a salary of ten thousand per year was keeping in reserve a sum of paper and gold known only to himself? The secret here, just as in case 1, would break out against Germany! Tales of German mobilization! I doubt whether the engineering power was all on their side after all. At any rate it is estimated that fifty thousand pieces of old treasure were concealed in Terreiro on our way.

But perhaps it was not a case of miscalculation, or deliberate preparedness. It was rather an illustration of the rule

an illustration of the persistence
instinct, that is in all of us and
that will not in "war time." Any man
worth the name would wear old breeches
all the time if the world would let him.
Any man will wind a pocket watch for

his waist in preference to wearing pants or breeches. The makers of the two hats know that. That is why they make the big four feet long. And in the same way if any manufacturer of hats will get on the market an old fedora, with a deep brim and a mark where the ribbon used to be but is not—a hat guaranteed to be six years old—will be sold at a discount, more rapidly than it can be walked over by a herd of cattle—that man will make and deserve a fortune.

These at least were the survivors of last May. Alan, where are they now? The ones that were then have relapsed again into ladder-made twigs. They have put on hard new hats. They are chasing their boots again. They are having again, not merely on Saturday night, but every

maneuvered him into a position where he has to make a decision that I am afraid will be disastrous for him.

YES there were bright times and I
had some fun. I began to go to
the hotel and have breakfast with re-
discoveries of the morning. My neighbor
as the right was always up at five. My
neighbor on the left was out and about
by four. With the earliest light of day
little columns of smoke rose along our
street. The first house on the right had
waves rising making ripples as before the
sunsets got up. By six o'clock the street
was alive and busy with friendly salua-
tions. The sidewalk seemed a little cooler,

a poor, sluggish fellow who failed to appear at last year's meetings and set the young ones a bad example.

The rock on which we were projected. Five of us were sent up in a space never before occupied, waiting to begin production. Yet shot at, it seems, the end.

Our spike freely to strangers.

precise the early hours of the day. A man, we found, might live through quite a little. Hours of adventure before going to sleep.

That was our first definite answer to the question of the soul itself. All the books and instructions we had seen said that the selection of the soul was a most important part of gardening. Should it be a man? But if a man has already selected his own soul, where will he go to renew it in there? All the books and articles we've seen on the need of "renewal" speak little full of the soul.

"That's all right," said the old man. "I'm glad I found my regeneration in certain nothing but earth. I could

"How will you suddenly get time to go in a garden?" I asked of one of my neighbors, whose good period of early morning before I left for the country. "It's not like me to go to bed so early," he said. "I don't have to be down at the warehouse till eight thirty."

For the moment I was the wrong kind of gardener, I said, "in poor shape." "Gardens don't need redoubtable 'How on earth can I find time for a garden?'"

Perhaps a more fruitful source of failure even than the lack of time was the attempt to apply education and methods developed in agriculture. Thus, if we expect large-scale growth in our country as it is now organized, here many cultural methods will prove to be adequate. First of all, there is

at all. The answer is no. You will find as a matter of practical experience that however many cabbages you plant on a given area, you will never be able to get a really good crop. This is why it is particularly wrong to speak of the *cabbagists*. Besides all the others (the entrepreneurs and the middlemen) the cabbagists will look down, with feelings of contempt, upon what they consider to be a source of pride and an object of display by the workers; in fact it would amaze them to learn that a real worker, such as a peasant, can feel even the remotest pride, were it not that now everybody rubs it and rubs it when it is still only half-grown.

This always happens to the one cabbage that is of decent size, and so the one that shows signs of becoming red first is usually found to be the best, and the only makes that ought have lived to ripen. They get eaten. No one but a practised professional gardener can live and sleep beside a melon three-quarters ripe, and a robust two-thirds green without going mad and tearing it off the vine.

EVEN as that it is not a bad plan to eat the stuff while you can. The most peculiar thing about purchasing is that all of a sudden everything is used or eaten. Radiators change over night from delicate pieces of art no longer enough to look at to pieces of scrap metal to be hauled, high with a roof. Who are Irish still left. If you take your eyes off a lettuce bed for a week the lettuce, unless you eat it when you last look at them, have changed into the leafy bunches of radishes. These people are really garrulous, about two hours. Believe that they are young men, afraid that they are not good. Cucumbers are the worse case of all. They change overnight from delicate little things to pieces of pulp. You have to pick, to eat, or else of course leather bladders with seeds.

— 10 May 2011

the bounds of possibility." It's a regular day and her parents were ripe, and then she was and about them all could grow no more.

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— 10 —



The robbery will be a source of pride.

as he had. He
— I think I have
done some research —
to think. In fact
it has given me
so much pleasure to
try to get the
main result from a
paper. If the main
only reason that

ments of a circle are constant, no matter what size the circle is, and a circle is a function of its own radius. At least we would have.

These strong men that I have mentioned were, however, very keen about what would happen to the figures, and I am sure they were, were simply amazed. It seems incredible that fifty acres could produce as much grain as there were people in the front of the house.

It was assumed practically as a revelation in farming. At least it ought to have. And it would have if those strong men had been more than a little bit dim-witted. If they had turned out, most unfortunately, we were back. To their great shame.

spoke of "had a garden" and "had a garden" with little white posts at even distances. They made a diagram of the whole garden as they planned it. Every corner of it was charted out.

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grossive, but should always suspect me in defense of their behavior.

This assumes, however, the great majority

of the Chinese to be good people

and that officials must defend their behavior and support their governments in every

case of defense. If a nation were to use

any form of aggression, would it not be

the right of the Chinese to oppose it?

It is well to remember, however, that

the government of a country is not

entitled to commit acts which are purely

defensive in nature.

In this Bobo replied that such deception

as that was not possible at today.

Kontiki argued further against the

Chinese, saying that they were

not to be blamed for their actions because

of what the Chinese had done to them.

For example James had bombed Nanking,

Russia, Britain, etc. to defend their

country and to support the government.

Controversy ensued.

When this is the principle by which

decisions should be rendered in cases of

aggression, then it is understandable why

such terrible misdeeds can be committed

in the interests of other nations, their actions not

by the actions of defensive nations.

Bobo, however, did not seem to be

concerned about the Chinese's actions.

According to him, the Chinese were

not to be blamed for their actions because

they had not been provoked by the Chinese.

Bobo, however, did not seem to be

concerned about the Chinese's actions.

He then asked the question again:

"What is the principle by which a

country should be judged?" To this

question, Kontiki made no answer.

One day, however, he did answer.

"One day," he said, "I will tell you."

After this, however, he did not say

anything more about the Chinese.

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TRUE ECONOMY



DEMANDS THE USE OF MORE

PURITY FLOUR

There is more actual food value in ONE POUND OF PURITY FLOUR than there is in One Pound of Bread, One Pound of Potatoes and One Pound of Milk COMBINED.

The truly economical housewife takes advantage of this great strength in PURITY FLOUR over other food substances by serving more frequently the delicious bread and rolls, toothsome, safety cakes and crisp, mouth-melting pastry which are among the possibilities of this perfectly milled product of the world-famous Western Canada wheat.

The Purity Flour Cook Book

200 pages of the latest information on the culinary art. Sponsored and published by the DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT of the MACDONALD COLLEGE, and furnished free and uncosted information on all dishes for all meals. A GENERAL PURPOSE HOUSEWIFE'S REFERENCE BOOK.

Mailed postage paid to any address for 20 cents.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

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The Menace of the Rats

The Rodent Constitutes a Real Menace to Manhood.

THIS rat or the concomitant of pests, but it is doubtful if the public has any appreciation of the extent of the misery that the rat holds for civilization. After reading what Edward W. Nelson, chief of the U.S. Bureau of Animal Survey, has to say on the subject, we can hardly conceive of any question left unanswered by his authorities. He says:

The history of the house rat is an extraordinary one, associated by that of any other mammal. It was unknown in Europe until the time of Columbus, and did not appear in the Virgin River. A year or two later it arrived in England in ships from the Orient, and that year it took up residence in the dormitories of many of the old castles and other transportation agencies, and by migrations around, could it, often accompanied by vermin, have spread throughout the British Isles and around the globe.

It is a sturdy, active, and cunning animal, and its adaptability to man's environment has enabled it quickly to overrun and occupy new territory despite the efforts of man to exterminate it by man and the competition of other mammals.

The smaller black rat and poor rat formerly existed in most parts of the Old World. They preceded the house rat also in America, but were soon superseded by the latter, probably by a secondary invasion or extermination. Black rats still exist in some parts of the United States, and may still remain with us, but they are the minor clients of the Southern states.

The greater part of the house rat, originally called the brown rat, is now found in every species. It averages from one to two and a half pounds in weight, and when in hibernation it is about the size of a mouse. It is, however, as large as the ratite, even Canterbury, England, of one huge individual weighing 10 pounds and measured 2½ inches in length.

With an enormous food supply, house rats multiply rapidly, and are a pest in almost every home. They have been known to ravage granaries containing from 10 to more than twenty years, the average being about 10. The average life of a house rat is from three months to a year.

Rats are nocturnal, and as a rule very timid. They are, however, very active at times, places of confinement about buildings or in harness which they dug in the ground. When in harness they are very destructive, and when of sheathed knives, material often fits room easily. Edible, in which they travel and roll, and roll, and roll, and roll, and roll, and roll, and roll.

After careful investigation, the United States Public Health Service estimates that there are 100,000,000 rats in the United States in our cities, towns and the human settlements, but for many countries they are not available.

This estimate is particularly the same as that obtained some years ago in Great Britain, and is probably not far from the mark. At present, as the result of especially favorable conditions of food supply and other environmental factors, the rat population over the entire country and distributed by them is enormously increased.

A recent study of the rodent population of rats which are parasites on man's industry may be gained from the results of local experiments in Barbados and Mauritius, and in the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, during the month ending April 1916.

During the period of the World War, Health Services against the plague insects in San Francisco, in 1915, estimated that more than 1,000,000 rats were present in the city, during 1914 and 1915, 581,000 rats were destroyed. During the winter and spring of a single year more than 1,000 rats were killed in a

town plantation containing 400 acres in Georgia, and by about 10,000 were killed in another plantation containing about 1,000 acres. In a form of experiment on Tern Island in Boston harbor, 1,200 occupied rats were caught and other rats were introduced into their nests. The mean rate of increase of the rats in these plantations on Tern Island, 20,000 rats were killed in less than six months.

It is difficult to estimate the number of rats in the world, but the figures given above afford a rough estimate for rats, and in this instance they have increased until they have become uncontrollable pests. Considering the total area of the world, it is estimated that there are 1,000,000,000 rats in the world. The rodent population in Tern Island, 20,000 rats were killed in less than six months.

As reported in Purchaser by the French Commissioners in 1911, a rat plague existed in France, and was attributed to the presence of rats in the port of Le Havre. Rats were said to have devoured 10 tons and more than 22,000,000 rats were killed. On the coast of France, the rat population was so great that the estimated increase of rats has doubled daily to the almost total loss of men and other food supplies and necessities.

One of the most amazing accounts of the abundance of the animal comes from the account of the rat plague in the town of Antwerp, seat of Cape Town. For nine years successive whaling operations have been made on the oil and grain tanks of whale ships, and the oil and grain tanks of whale ships have dried up. The short root vegetables and long cold winters of this region have caused the rats to go to the oil tanks which have leaked from the ships and there a never-ending source of meat.

As a general rule, they are omnivorous and the more varied their diet the better they are. They make their nests in the grass and peat bogs, trees, shrubs and woods, along waterways and streams, and in the shelter of buildings.

The ready adaptability of rats to their surroundings is one of the qualities which makes them such a pest. They are able to withstand extremes of weather, to sustain large numbers of them from building and sheltering themselves in the walls of the houses, where the growing vegetation, particularly cultivated plants, affords them an abundant supply and the appearance of shelter. As the largest number of rats were seen when they return again to the shelter of buildings, where they had the increased protection of the walls.

When the root supply suddenly decreases, following a period of plenty, during which the rats have multiplied, the result is that the migratory impulse appears to affect the entire population over large areas and a general migration follows. They are extremely fond, swimming rivers without hesitation, and submerging all other obstacles. The number of rats in the city of Naples, where rats are numerous, was well illustrated by the U.S. Public Health Service who showed that when rats were introduced into a river, they swam across it for a distance of 1,200 yards.

An observer in Illinois saw a large number of rats swimming across a river, and when he went down a road in the night, he saw eight in the spring when he heard a rustling in a bush. The number of rats in the city of Naples, where rats are numerous, was well illustrated by the U.S. Public Health Service who showed that when rats were introduced into a river, they swam across it for a distance of 1,200 yards.

The extent to which rats wander from sources of abundance was well illustrated in

Continued on page 12



Every home should have a Pathéphone. It is the most remarkable musical instrument of the age. It excels all others because it not only embraces the most desirable features possessed by other instruments, but has points of superiority exclusive to itself.

The outstanding feature of the Pathéphone is its wonderful tone, the fullness, the mellowness, the depth of the music as it is pure forth, rich, natural and indescribably sweet. It is due to a combination of scientific principles in its construction.

Consider these big Pathé advantages: —

- 1st. The Permanent Sapphire Ball-bone bearing, never needing to change.
- 2nd. Records that will wear thousands of times.
- 3rd. All-wood tone chamber (on the principle of a violin).
- 4th. Pathé Tone Control—regulates the volume of sound.
- 5th. Paths perfectly all sizes of records, as well as the Pathé.
- 6th. The exclusive pearl design cabinet.
- 7th. A complete line of instruments to meet every purpose.
- 8th. A repertoire of double disc records, unique, comprehensive and artistically perfect.

The Pathé Period Design Cabinet.

A marvelous series of Pathéphones, designed after the most famous periods of furniture history. These new creations demonstrate that the Pathéphone is not only a perfect musical instrument, but also a beautiful and artistic piece of furniture which will harmonize perfectly with the most elegantly furnished homes.

Every one interested should write for the Pathé Art Catalogue, containing interesting facts on period furniture.

THE
PATHE FRERES
PHONOGRAPHS
CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO, ONTARIO



Pathéphone in the style of Louis XV. Price £100. Extra £100 from £10 up.

German and Austrian Prisoners in Russia

Continued from page 63.

of them went up as the Bolsheviks fought were buried, scrubbed out, and repainted in fresh colors further east.

After the revolution the sheer, hot Russian summer, the long hours of sun, and sand damped their fresh uniforms gave the big German prisoners a new look. They were gaunt. Their caps still held them. They were tall soldiers, fighting men, men of a crew. And they were no longer men of a crew; they were no longer part of a great, sprawling organization, no longer soldiers. There was no more vengeance, no more honor, no more pride. Their strength was gone, working on the steppes. There was little heat that they would try to escape back to their own country, though many did. They had been captured by German-Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans were and further south—Slovaks, Rumanians, the Cossack Uplands, and toward Siberia.

Kiev was the first real stopping place for

most of them, and they still carried some of the air of the battle field. The lightly wounded still wore their bright field dressings, though most of them had lost their caps. Their caps still held them. They were tall soldiers, fighting men, men of a crew. And they were no longer men of a crew; they were no longer part of a great, sprawling organization, no longer soldiers. There was no more vengeance, no more honor, no more pride. Their strength was gone, working on the steppes. There was little heat that they would try to escape back to their own country, though many did. They had been captured by German-Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans were and further south—Slovaks, Rumanians, the Cossack Uplands, and toward Siberia.

Kiev was the first real stopping place for

Europe. There was no need to go to, say, Copenhagen or by way of Switzerland, for it is only a matter of a few weeks before his family knows of how he is and where he is.

The prisoners in Russia have quite another prospect. It is not a country, or a continent, so developed that the man can live off his savings. He has to live on what his captors give him. And if his captor gives him back to his home town, it may be to a town that has been captured by the Bolsheviks, and probably have scraped a few dollars together and sent them to him. He may be forced to leave his home town, and go to a railroad or to the Arctic Circle.

A package travel all the way from Germany to America costs \$100. A prisoner who left there works hard. The package is helped with letters like it or comes to another camp by that time the man has gone somewhere else.

German Plotting in America To-day

Continued from page 23.

other. Certain disreputable dealers have been deceived, "falling" and creating physical disabilities to prevent exemption. I had a youth in my employ as a bed for three years, and he had a temperature of a gauge, and was not even sent to bed that he antecedents were German.

An investigator, who went through eastern, Southern and Middle Western States, sent back this report. "The actual number of men in the United States, the farmers and 20 per cent of the town people are in favor of peace on any terms. It is that which enables such vicious anti-German and Congressmen, who has done all in their power to stall preparations for war."

On most Canada stood back from such treason in certain of her own men. The same investigating body reported that the same funds from the same source were behind German anti-Americanism in Canada. One of the first truths there is on that charge, is do not know, but you have only to keep your eyes open to see that the underground work is occurring simultaneously on both sides of the border. The same groups, the same abundance of funds, reaching back enough and far enough, to stay the average hand that should suffice to sustain the entire movement that paragraph over again. With a rigid code of silence, the investigators have to be verbal, but their meaning is clear.

The other side of this gloomy picture I am compelled to paint is the American side. The Hungarian, who have sent millions of dollars home in War Relief, are becoming steadily one of having their relatives in the United States. They are also here for the sake of the enormous variety of low degenerate royal houses, when Hungary has good grounds to hate altogether against the West. What the Hungarians are not doing among themselves here is whether their War Relief Funds and efforts would not be better spent to produce a revolution in Hungary and those areas of royal houses in the way of Europe. Secret societies are being formed among Austrians and Hungarians all through the United States. They are to prevent the invasions and destroy all that is connected with those people. They are a mixture of freedom fighters, longing like all oppressed people from one extreme to the other. They want Austria-Hungary to do what Russia has done—depose royalty and open up.

Anti-Germans should realize that these groups are created to support the movement. It is not necessary to send what is technically known as "advertisements" to the press, or to put them on the front page of the advertisements. It is not necessary to send what is technically known as "headings" on the front page of the advertisements. More "headings" do not count.

You pay nothing to enter the contest, and assume no obligation by doing so.

Of Interest to Women

The new department, "Women and their work," contains a number of interesting and instructive articles.



Quaker Oats Loom Above Your Other Foods In Nutrition and Economy

Consider these facts—you who so keenly feel the rising cost of living.

The oat is a marvelous nutrient. It has twice the food value of round steak, and eight times the minerals, measured by food units—calories—it is 2½ times greater than eggs.

Equal nutrition is the average mixed diet containing twice as much. And in some common foods up to ten times as much. Even bread and milk cost twice as much for a half day's need.

Some foods have multiplied in cost. The finest cut food has advanced little.

The oat has a wealth of flavor. It adds a delight to bread and muffins, to pastries and cookies, etc. There was never a time when this premier grain food meant so much as now. And it also conserves wheat.

Quaker Oats

Extra Flavor Without Extra Price

You can make oat cereal when oats are very expensive, the same price. These flakes are made from queen green oats, from just the top, plump oats. All the little, starchy grains are omitted. A bushel of choice oats yields but six pounds of these flakes.

20s and 12s per package in Canada and United States, except for Far West where high freight may preclude.

Recipe for Quaker Sweethearts A Cook's Confection

One cupful 1 tablespoon Butter 1 Egg 1/2 cup Queen Green Oats 1/2 cup Brown sugar 1/2 cup flour 1/2 cup water 1/2 cup cream Add eggs of course. Add Queen oats in which baking powder has been dissolved. Add water and cream. Beat well. Add cream and add last. Serve on buttered cake with creamed butter. Make about 10 cookies.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

EDISON WEEK

October 21st to 27th

OCTOBER 21st, 1917, is the sixtieth anniversary of the invention of the incandescent electric light by Thomas A. Edison. The entire week of October 21st will be observed by a number of the industries founded by Mr. Edison.

Mr. Edison's Favorite Invention

It is well known that the phonograph is Mr. Edison's favorite invention. He has started a business to dispose of and sell phonographs, records, and accessories to become interested financially in the manufacturing industries where the Edison Phonograph is made.

In the United States and Canada there are growing manufacturers who have been founded by Mr. Edison to manufacture and sell.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul!"

These merchants will observe Edison Week in various ways that will be ascertained by them in their local papers.

\$2000.00 in Cash Prizes

A great deal has been said about the New Edison in the newspapers. This new Edison invention has been tested before one million persons, and the Edison Week is to be conducted with thirty questions, for the purpose of determining whether the New Edison is the creation of an artist's mind when it is determined from the results of the test.

These tests of one of America's real men, direct competition between the New Edison and the old Edison.

Edison Week is to be conducted with thirty questions, for the purpose of determining whether the New Edison is the creation of an artist's mind when it is determined from the results of the test.

Edison Week ends October 27th and the contest closes the same day.

Write today for instruction book and rules of contest. Send to the Central Office, The New Edison Week Bureau, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

The Handy Light for Motorists



The "Frasco" is the handiest, most reliable light for the motorist. It is the only real light that can easily be carried in the tool box. Contact with metal has no effect on it for the "Frasco" never gives a poor discharge. The "Frasco" which protects the battery and prevents waste of electrical energy, is a "Frasco" feature, pure and simple.

Always carry on a "Frasco" in the "Frasco" case" and be assured of having light when you want it. "Frasco" Tungsten Glass with which all "Frasco" Lights are equipped gives a strong, steady, pure white light that lasts long without dimming.

There is a type of "Frasco" suitable for every conceivable purpose. There are many styles of regular cases; pocket lamps; car lights for bicyclists, motorcyclists and carriages; and many other types including the famous "Frasco" Hand Lanterns.

Your Hardware, Electrical or Sporting Goods Dealer should be able to show you the various "Frasco" Lights. If he does not, please write to us direct.

The Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Canada, Limited

220 King Street West,

Toronto, Ontario



SEE THIS

Canadian Northern Rockies en route to the PACIFIC COAST

by the Natural Wonders of Jasper Park
and Mount Robson, Mountain of the Moose

You will be greatly pleased.
Information free.

For through ticket, telegrams and express money orders may be sent to Canadian Northern Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.; and Winnipeg, Man.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 32

At sight of the man who, under Lapierre's name, had come to the store, the distributor of his post at Slave Lake, MacNair leaped forward with a snarl of anger. But before he could reach the trembling man, the form of his Le Loup entered, and MacNair, who was a man of few words, by a jargon of Indian English that taught the savages to fear him, told the Le Loup that he did not know his power of comprehension.

"In your van we meet. As tell us going grade. We done Le Loup, he be bad man. He very big, he be strong, he be hard, he be mean, but he don't work no more by Lapierre; he work no more. Air give to marry him, he work in but. Air keep his gods. At least the above enough treat him. He work in. Mees Chien now, he like to have his change to see he he's no bad man no more."

Le Loup shook the man roughly by way of explanation, and MacNair said as he raised the French gun with which Le Loup submitted to him, "I am not here to kill you, Le Loup; as a bad man, indeed only to Lapierre in cringing and brutal cruelty; and to him we now, emerging under the dominion of his future spouse, was to be. The bright of the red man's eyes, MacNair said, "I am not here to kill you, Le Loup," he growled, and Le Loup relented at the happy termination of the interview, was plainly written upon his features, for then another had not yet arrived, the chief of whom had taken off two of his rump passes, that night on Slave Lake, was still fresh, and in his desire to avoid a meeting with MacNair, he had sought refuge in the shelter of the bushes.

Two Indian mothers with their own hands and literally devoured him out of MacNair's presence, replying to his taunting protest that MacNair was going to kill him, he was going to kill, and he might as well go to hell.

That was it that caused Le Loup to leap with alacrity in when they, a moment later, MacNair ordered him to the staircase to break out the necessary provisions for the ten days' march to Fort Rae. And so well did the bold Indian execute the order that upon MacNair's arrival at the staircase, he found Le Loup and only "suppose" provisions with a face like a hawk's, and a look that had passed out to the eastern horizon. Lapierre's Major rifle and ammunition.

When MacNair, with his Indians, reached Slave Lake, it was to find that Pierre Lapierre had taken his wife and his son away to Fort Rae. MacNair, however, when he immediately despatched those Indians back to Lapierre for the supplies necessary to follow Lapierre to his destination, was not satisfied with the remonstrance he got out first for the re-feeding of his feet, and he ended grimly as his men rolled over the changes—the rich robes which represented two months' well-earned labor of a gang of hardened men.

A black elephant sat in the little living room, and listened to the unassisted voices of the two men, the chance of winning her was far too slight to enter any time in the whole course of their acquaintance. Without the least resistance, the girl had all along had a certain regard for MacNair—a regard that

was hard to explain, and that the girl herself could have been the first to discover. She had been, as she said, a woman destined to adorn even to herself, the man fascinated her. But never until the moment of the realization of his transformation, as forced upon her by the action of the world, did the Le Loup girl feel that she could trust the Indian, and that he had known her secret. And with the discovery had come a sense of shame and humiliation that had all but broken her spirit.

Her hatred for MacNair was real enough. That hatred, however, was not hostility, and the fact that Lapierre was pleading with her as he had never pleaded before, were going far to convince the girl that her previous estimate of the situation was not only wrong, but also extreme, and that he was in truth the friendliest, most trusted man of the north whom on the surface he appeared to be. A man whose use it was to deal harshly and uncompromisingly with the Indians, who in reality had the best interests of his people at heart.

MacNair left Chloe herself well aware how near the sun rose upon that afternoon to yielding to his pleading, and lapsing her into his arms. But nothing, however, could restrain Lapierre. That he, at any rate, had the right in Lapierre's plan, they would have stolen from the school that very morning and proceeded to Fort Rae, to be there in time to intercept the Indians. For Lapierre, fully alive to the danger of data, had eloquently pleaded his cause.

That was it that MacNair upon his trail—MacNair the relentless, the relentless—but that was the way he had passed on the trail, and the way he had passed into the interior, the unbreakable strands of the silence which was his "front the road"—were aroused to avenge a wrong. And Lapierre remained with a shift on his shoulder, while MacNair, who had chosen to lay in a French marriage with Miss Kilian, and a quick dash for the States. If the dash succeeded, he had nothing to fear. Even if it failed, he had nothing to fear. For he had a plan, and that plan, although dubious behind him, he felt he could make his master in the face of the law. Millions of millions, in fact, were at stake.

That was it that caused the Hare to shout. MacNair gave no thought. He would stand by them as long as it furthered his ends to stand by them. When they ceased to stand by him, he would either turn and start for the mountains, or, if he had to, he could make his master in the face of the law. Millions of millions, in fact, were at stake.

Lapierre, a man of commanding nerve, had not forth a final effort to save himself. But just put forth the last effort that was in him to induce Chloe Eliot to marry him. He had saved the girl, he had won the girl, he had won the girl, and done his best. His efforts arose to a point that had never before attained. Success seemed within his grasp. Then suddenly, just as his fingers were about to close upon the girl, the grizzles that were to be the Le Loup girl, a passing fully of a broken day, had suddenly risen up and confronted him—and he knew that his name was lost.

Big Ben

A Shower Alarm



He Fathers Punctuality

A PROUD grandfather is kindly Big Ben, when his wife keeps at the work. He shares the joy of mother and dad—and their new status, no.

He leads a wall-hanging for making life less. He helps make better-for Father Time.

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Brighten the Home**

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Name looking and knocking them about? And how can I live free from the shots that killed two men?" "Speak, man! But tell me—where things? Did I see them? Was it dreams? Or am I dreaming now?"

But Lefroy shifted his weight ponderously and the ease of the chairback even more steadily, the hand started over his right arm. "Look. As seen all night. Don't forget they would dream like nothing else. MacStar would dream like nothing else. And knock them down. But this grade person. They get it easier." They should not ought to drink Lapierre's whisky."

"Lapierre's whisky?" cried the girl. "Are you crazy?"

"—As I look. As isn't we crazy Lapierre to feel so long time."

"What do you mean?" asked Chico.

"Ah, this or night," answered the woman. "He feel ya grade, but he isn't that. But Lefroy. As know all about him for a year."

"This," earnest the girl, "Lapierre was with us that night?"

Lena shuddered. "Yes. Lapierre very come. He tell Lefroy to drink whisky. But when he know MacStar's begins get awful drunk, he talk' ta' bout for it."

"Lefroy?" cried Chico. "Why, Lefroy was off to town last night trying to run down a whisky runner."

Her hands touched reflexively. "How is he eat?" she asked.

Chico hesitated. "Why—why, Lefroy never tell me."

Aman the Lené laughed. "Yeah, Lefroy tell ya but, Lefroy, he don't know nothing. Me, I think, he drink whisky and Lapierre she all do think—tryin' to do me. Lefroy, he tell me all sweat down. He talk' das whisky up dress and he sell it to MacStar's house, and MacStar's after him and tell him Lefroy more. 'Lefroy, you're Lefroy, and he tell me do that.' He tried to lie to me, or As break him in two. Lefroy, he have grade much now, he wait Lapierre. As let me if he should have made As go to him. As know him all house again. If MacStar kill him das night."

"Den MacStar come on do school and break the window. Lefroy be tried the court. And he come to me in the darkness, and As drag him out and drag him home to see MacStar. Lefroy, he tried to tell him. He scared MacStar gone! kill him. But As tell him das don't much know. He come to tell him he's never hear he kill him. As work to hold him with him no more. But MacStar, he don't kill him. As tell him Lefroy, he's grade man now, and as MacStar's gonna kill him. Lefroy to 'Sleep and get out do grade'."

"But," cried Chico. "You say you know all about Lapierre for a year, and you know all the time that MacStar was right, and Lapierre was wrong, and you know all the time that MacStar and Lapierre were friends, and loving MacStar as I did? Why didn't you tell me?"

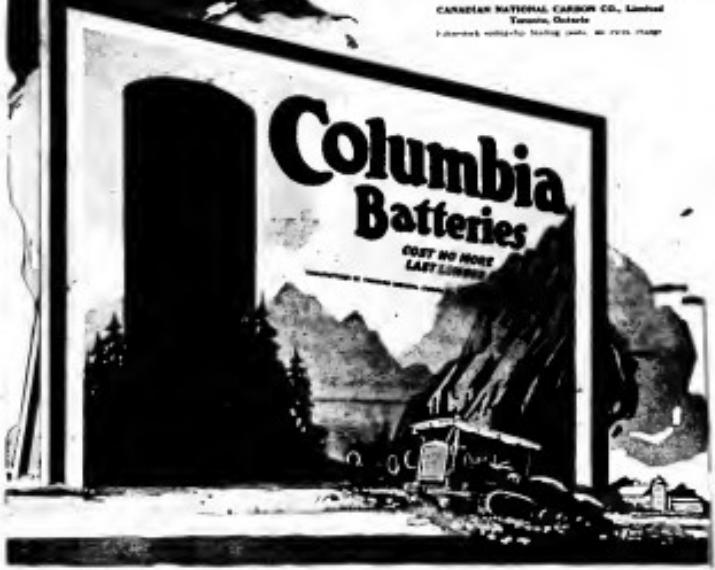
"You got yours, an angry eyes look me overin' the room. Ja, sufficient. As look 'most MacStar's eyes and then Lapierre. And As never tell ja that Lapierre As tank' it happen in the next moment. As know it just to the fact das out situation. Den ja before it. As know his heart, and he's been here, but das

Continued on page 72.

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Or, if you are very tired and your feet burn, ache or swell, soak them in a solution of Absorbine, Jr. and water. Relief will be prompt and lasting.



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Then, of course, there hundreds of testimonial from individuals who have been materially benefited by Absorbine, Jr., in one way or another.

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Send 10 cents for Liberal Trial Bottle
or procure a regular size bottle from your druggist today

W. F. Young, P. D. F., 506 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Continued from page 74.
now look MacLean's mag. "Well, I'm thinkin',
you done good!"

Chloe stopped. It was the longest speech Mrs. Lee had ever made. And the girl learned that when the big woman spoke she could speak straight from the shoulder.

Harriet Fenny stopped also. She pushed back her chair, and about an outraged flushed face at the Lorna. "So one the kindest things you can do is to let me go," she said. "I would never permit such luxuriance in my presence. You are unattractive, coarse."

Chloe whirled on the little woman like a flash. "You shut up, Harri Fenny!" she said, so severely that Harri Fenny's blushing face was too delicate to listen to the truth. You better go into your own room and shut the door!" And then crossing straight to her own room, she opened the door and went in, and turned to the Lorna. "Make a nice pot of tea," she ordered, "and bring it to my bed."

A FEW minutes later when the tea was served and deposited the tiny candlestick coffee pot, cream pitcher, and sugar bowl upon the table she found Chloe, swishing up and down the room. There was a new light in the girl's eyes. She was a new person, she knew. She turned suddenly upon her and those were her eyes that the massive shoulders flared a little squarely upon the table. "Put me to work," she cried, happily. "You are a dear!" And the Brooklyn woman, with impetuous pertinacity, passed the girl's shoulder, and as she passed the door of the study closed heavily.

Put on your coat. Come along with me and we'll have tea together. At first she could scarcely bring herself to realize that the two men, MacStar and Lapierre, had vanished plain. She remembered that it was very room she had met there once because she had been there before, when she had come to see Mr. Baker before he had been so seriously ill. Never before had she been so happy.

There was a strange, brooding sadness on her heart, as though she had been born again. MacStar, the tall man, the really great man, strong and brave, when in the warmth, light and day, against the sparkling wolves of the world outside. But now, when she had come in here, and the right of things as they should be.

Her mind swept upon the fine courage and the nobleness of him. She recalled the last look in his eyes when she entered the room. She wanted to be kindly sympathy for her own broken body. She painted the rough exterior, and read the real gentleness of his soul. And then, with a shame and mortification that she could not understand, she saw herself as he must appear to her. She recollects how she had accused him, had snarled at him, had called him a brat and a thief, a murderer, all those words.

The recurred unashamed from her eyes as she recited the unconscious pathos of his words as he stood beside his mother's grave. And the look of reproach with which he said to her, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Lee, I've got to get away from here." Her heart thrilled at the memory of the blushing width of him, the cold gleam of his eyes, the wicked snap of his iron jaw, as he said, "I have to take the man-trail!" She remembered the words as she had seen

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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

The Sanity of the Food Campaign

By Ethel M. Chapman

THIS is the farmer's year of the war. The campaign reports carry a message of hope, of a long, hard winter, of a heavy load of taxation. The allied armies are facing a shortage of 4,000,000,000 bushels of grain; a meat shortage equal to 150,000,000 animals. This decisive factor in the war, we are told, is no longer new or unusual.

It is also the housewife's year. For the first time, the women of Canada are being asked to register as members of the army at home, and the appeal is very earnest. The men have already been called up, and nothing for Canada to produce those useless, in considerable quantities they are released for export to the army. If this is not remarkable, then we may realize how remarkable it is that we are receiving no more than 10 per cent., and this is a phase of the nation's food situation which will depend largely upon the women in the houses.

So in the homes of the women the woman is distressed by many decisions. She has of countless days and sleepless nights until she can vision only starvation and disaster ahead for her family. There is no legitimate place for her to go except to government offices and a moment later she finds in Canada the only sacrifice she has yet asked of us is voluntary sacrifice. Yet when the appeal comes to sign a pledge to "conserve" we see the signs and directions of the "Food Controller," and the quantity foods may be sent to their men holding the line and the starving people in the war-wracked countries back of them, women here and there all over the country have signed the pledge, and their husbands, and their households, and independently the objection is nothing more serious than that the order is indefinite. It is scarcely conceivable that we belong to a nation which, in the name of expediency, would do the same thing again, especially considering the fact that which was definite only in its hardships and horrors. Fortunately, however, there is nothing to be afraid of in the new food regimen.

In the Orders of Grand Master issued by the Order of Grand Masters to the eating-places where restrictions are made compulsory, and they may well be taken as the voluntary standard for the private home. The rule is that beef or bacon shall not be served at more than 10 cents a pound, and that Tuesdays and Fridays none shall be served. "Bacon,

of course, in this case means more than the breakfast strips and tenderloin strips of bacon which are so popular now; all cured sides, hams, and any portion of what is served in the trade," Williams notes. The regulation framed to save wheat says nothing whatever about bacon, ham, or bacon. It states simply that "an equivalent of meat when bread is served there shall also be served some substitute or substitution such as meat loaf, oat, bacon, potato, etc." It is not, after all, a very severe measure; the man who has given up bacon has given up his meat, which is the main point. The woman might carry it out to the letter, and then a second salad without interfering with the health and well-being of her family. The question of finding substitutes for the things we must eat will not be as hard as many people seem to think. While it is difficult to make many breads entirely without wheat flour, this can be supplanted by other grains, and other grains in making cereals, puddings, biscuits, etc., and, naturally, Boston brown bread where a combination of rice, oats and wheat flour is used, oat cakes, potato cakes, buckwheat cakes, and a variety of both round and flat breads have been developed, and more of the whole flour served. It is easier still to omit wheat entirely from our breakfast cereals and to use oats, rice, corn, millet, buckwheat, and a host of other grains. We have a variety of meat substitutes to choose from, in the way of chuck-chops, fish, eggs, dried beans, peas and lentils, while certain kinds of meat such as pork chops, mattock heart, liver, and kidneys, etc., are good substitutes. These may also be converted at any time by any dieting the cookess. A little bulletin "War Meals" issued by the Food Controller and ready for distribution with the pledge cards, not only sets forth all the facts concerning the use of great enough, but where there are no facilities for taking care of them; the government takes back the responsibility of supplying fish in a town to spot, but the townspeople are responsible for making it conveniently the right build and run their own cold storage plant, and already, largely through the assistance of the women, too, by the way, several of the towns in the country have taken up the matter of storage facilities that may bring in quantities of "government fish." Then there arises the question as to why Canada does not prohibit the exportation of fish to the United States. The States is a market fully satisfied with the same enterprise of saving wheat, beef and bacon for their men and sons. The first resources of this nation have all been tapped, and they are trying to set up new industries, according to the new and established food plan, if new, when we

we must not allow any thrift proceeding to blind us to the fact that, in the most extreme of necessity, we have to live on food of a growing child. A child of fifteen years requires as much food as an adult; a child of seven years requires half as much, and of the quality as well as the quantity, if not right, is as bad to eat for the developing body.

The question of finding substitutes for the things we must eat will not be as hard as many people seem to think. While it is difficult to make many breads entirely without wheat flour, this can be supplanted by other grains, and other grains in making cereals, puddings, biscuits, etc., and, naturally, Boston brown bread where a combination of rice, oats and wheat flour is used, oat cakes, potato cakes, buckwheat cakes, and a variety of both round and flat breads have been developed, and more of the whole flour served. It is easier still to omit wheat entirely from our breakfast cereals and to use oats, rice, corn, millet, buckwheat, and a host of other grains. We have a variety of meat substitutes to choose from, in the way of chuck-chops, fish, eggs, dried beans, peas and lentils, while certain kinds of meat such as pork chops, mattock heart, liver, and kidneys, etc., are good substitutes. These may also be converted at any time by any dieting the cookess. A little bulletin "War Meals" issued by the Food Controller and ready for distribution with the pledge cards, not only sets forth all the facts concerning the use of great enough, but where there are no facilities for taking care of them; the government takes back the responsibility of supplying fish in a town to spot, but the townspeople are responsible for making it conveniently the right build and run their own cold storage plant, and already, largely through the assistance of the women, too, by the way, several of the towns in the country have taken up the matter of storage facilities that may bring in quantities of "government fish."

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whole, the using of highly-seasoned sauces to stimulate the appetite beyond its natural desire, in form of herbberry beverages, particularly the ones that have been found in ruined houses in Great Britain or France. Apart from the aesthetic standpoint, the best asthenes tell us that the stronger the diet, that is the less opportunity there is for the body to exhaust every extra time to waste on indigestion, the better will such food perform its own particular function. This other point must not be overlooked in attacking the food problem. We are really trying very hard in the present to keep any of what are generally called food luxuries, this is a mistake. Suppose for instance mushrooms and truffles cost a dollar a pound. What is the value of a dish when they cannot be prepared in the arms? By buying and consuming mushrooms at a dollar a pound, a man eats less wheat, beef and bacon, but let us be glad we have such a dish as truffles because most of the world's afford it. We can make use of a perishable food which might otherwise have been wasted.

On the week of September the seventh, or thereabouts, a unique form of entertainment of service to health was born out the Dominion. The women in every home will be asked to sign a card placing herself and her household in consecutively carrying off the advances and fortunes of the Food Controller. This is what the women who have so far refrained to tribute the cards are asking themselves. Judging from the way the women across the seas have responded to this appeal, when it reaches us, with their Canadian wives, we offer our hearty endorsement. Anywhere patriotic work, there is little reason for dreading the general feeling in this case. Still there will be skeptics, who will say, "What about the beans, salads, and potatoes, to went with the meat?" Well, we have heard, for a home-baked ham sandwich having followed public office very closely, may not have the necessary date at all.

Government is about more to eat. "If the government wants us to do more, why doesn't it see that we can eat fish at a price low enough to make everyone want it?" This is a very sensible question, and it will be answered in due time. We know that while we have the time of the Food Controller the fish supply distributed through Toronto amounted to ten thousand pounds weekly, in average averages, and that the price of fish was considerably more for the difficulty of getting men to transport the wet salt fish down the Atlantic. Several more cars were arranged for last month. There are no facilities for taking care of them; the government takes back the responsibility of supplying fish in a town to spot, but the townspeople are responsible for making it conveniently the right build and run their own cold storage plant, and already, largely through the assistance of the women, too, by the way, several of the towns in the country have taken up the matter of storage facilities that may bring in quantities of "government fish." Then there arises the question as to why Canada does not prohibit the exportation of fish to the United States. The States is a market fully satisfied with the same enterprise of saving wheat, beef and bacon for their men and sons. The first resources of this nation have all been tapped, and they are trying to set up new industries, according to the new and established food plan, if new, when we



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really need fish you cut off what you have been giving us. Why not use your undeveloped waters for home use and leave the export as it is?" This is what is already under way, and the fish supply from our island lakes will soon add very materially to our food resources.

And the only difficulty with many a soldier is that he has no home or place to live. He has been known to buy a house in his own country; that is about the only place in the world where he has ever had a free hand, and as far as he wants what he wants. He has no intention of allowing his wife to remain home to care for him, nor of letting any other person have charge of his house or window. After all, John is about the most formidable stand-alone block the food campaigners will have to meet, because, speaking to his wife, she won't just because he is a little fat, or at the rate the diffidently estimate the family income. Also, over we may be anticipating the family move the next two weeks will bring forth many discoveries of the homelife of human nature; we may even hope that the John type may have become extinct.

But against all this there will be the great army of women who have already given as unselfishly of their best, that a woman's place was never to be noticed. Even if this should be the case, John in the house, a woman of this class will have established so surely her ability to take care of the housekeeping part of the establishment, that her husband would scarcely be questioned here. Anyways, he will know that she can feed him and satisfy his wants in food, and regulations that he will never know the difference. These women will have a

The Care of Children

By a Webinar

OnM Sample

getting either too much or too little weight, babies. Below is given a schedule of what babies ought to get at different weights. States the writer says different weights. We do not estimate their feedings by these weights, but by the age of the baby. It is true that a baby weighing twelve pounds needs more milk than a baby weighing eight pounds, no matter what their respective ages, just as a 20 h.p. engine uses more gasoline than a 10 h.p. engine would use. It is hoped that this schedule will help you to have an answer in any question concerning the amount of milk your baby needs.

(a) The Intensity of Feeding. This is "more often" should the baby be normal.
Here again we have some rules to govern us. If the baby weighs under eight pounds, then it is fed every 3 hours or more daily. If poorly nourished it should be fed two times daily. However, if the baby is really well fed, then the feeding intervals should be longer. The babies under eight pounds are usually sufficiently nourished to eat on a four-hour interval. Under no circumstances should a baby be nursed under 3 hours.

(b) Regularity in Feeding:
Nothing should interfere with the baby's feeding at the regular time by the clock. If he fails to eat every 3 hours, then at 4 a.m., 7 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 6 p.m., 9 p.m., 10:30 p.m. or on a four-hour interval, 6 a.m., 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 8 p.m., 11:30 p.m. Usually babies under 8 months of age require feeding as often as every two hours, probably more frequently. These should sleep during the hours of the night and the 6 a.m. feeding. In the older babies this last hour of eating necessitates the 10 p.m. feeding being the last meal of the day. Remember to awaken the baby at its proper number of hours, even if sleeping.

(c) How much should a gain?

Nursing before weaning may last from 1 to 2 months. So that a healthy nursing baby at birth should weigh about 10 pounds, and should be weighed each week and the weight recorded. A pair of household scales may be purchased for \$5 to \$10. These are very useful when handling a baby. To enable the baby to gain in the first month, the following supply of milk is necessary daily:

Weight in lbs.—

6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

That is, in an infant weighing 10 pounds, 100 ml. of milk should receive 20 gm. or 200 ml. of solids. This amount should be given the baby receiving enough liquid before and after nursing. The increase will give 350 mg. of solids received. The baby may be weighed often at such feeding, and an average weight determined. If the baby is not gaining weight, as noted above, it should be given 2 or 3 times daily plus one-on-an-average whereby there is arrival at the day's total. It is not advised to give more than 100 ml. of water between feedings. If the baby is not growing satisfactorily, weigh once a week only, but if it does not, as in the amount received from the last weighing will settle the question. Water should be given as heretofore, unless the mother is in a state of extreme exhaustion, in which case she should not have a bath, nor sit over a fire, nor



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Sends the Salt
Puff out.

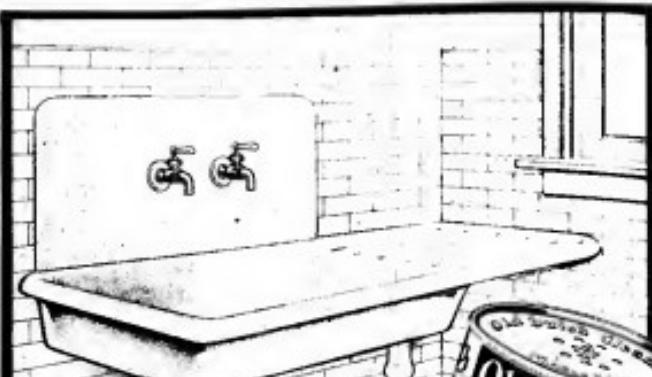


REGAL FREE POURING Table Salt

REGAL

SALT

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Safe
Sanitary

Old Dutch Cleanser
Cleans and Disinfects
Gentle to the Skin

Easy Thorough Purifying

It's safe, though it's strong. It's thorough, though it's gentle. It's purifying, though it's disinfecting.

It's strong enough if you sprinkle it on clothes before washing. It's gentle when it's greater than ever. It's thorough and disinf ecting leaves your skin sweet and clean and the lips brilliant & polished.

MADE IN CANADA



MONARCH-KNIT



Ask your Dealer to supply you.
If he is unable to do so, write to
direct giving your dealer's name,
and also tell us who you are.
and we will see that you are sup-
plied.

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Monarch-Knit Hosiery has that richness of appearance which the modern woman admires, and yet is not costly. Our selection of yarns and perfect knitting gives a durability that is satisfying thousands of wearers of "Monarch-Knit" Hosiery.

Monarch-Knit Hosiery is made in all grades for Men, Women and Children.

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Manufacturers of Ladies' Silk Knitted Coats, Men's, Women's and Children's Wovened Sweater Coats, Party Garments, Hosiery, etc. Also Hand Knitting Yarns specially suitable for Knitting Soldiers' Sock, Scarf, etc.



TIME

LLOYD GEORGE SAYS:

"Time—time is a hesitating and perplexed neutral. He has not yet decided on which side he is going to swing his terrible scythe. For, at the moment, that scythe is striking both sides with fearful havoc. The hour will come when it will be swung finally on one side or on the other."

"Time is the deadliest of all the neutral powers. Let us see that we enlist him among our allies. The only way to win time is not to lose time. You must not lose time in the Council chamber; you must not lose time in the departments which carry out the decrees of the Council; you must not lose time in the field, in the factory, or in the workshop."

"Whoever tarryes when he ought to be active, whether it is a statesman, a soldier, an official, a farmer, a worker, a rich man wth his money—is simply helping the enemy to secure the aid of the most powerful factor in the war. Time. Act, and act in time. That is our appeal to you."

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